

## TOPEKA STATE JOURNAL

By FRANK P. MAC LEANNA.  
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The State Journal is a member of the Associated Press and receives the full day telegraph report of that great news organization, for the benefit of its readers. The news is received in this State Journal building over wire for this sole purpose.

The open season for the umpire is now at hand in the major league towns and soon will be in all of the smaller league cities in the country.

Walker Weston is now 15 days ahead of his schedule. If he keeps on gaining on his time like this he will reach the end of his journey before he started on it, or something like that.

Halley's comet is a four-flusher. It has made its appearance on scheduled time all right, but it is minus its 14,000,000 mile tail. And a comet without a tail is a poor apology for the real thing.

Philadelphia's disastrous street railway strike has been settled. Looming up on its debit side is a loss of 28 dead and 260 injured, and there can be nothing in the settlement which will exonerate this tremendous wrong.

Experts in the premises declare that the price of pork will begin to drop materially in September. But by that time many people who used to revel in ham and eggs, pork chops and other delicacies in the pig line will have forgotten all about such things.

Some people never get a chance to boast, except by saying when a new play comes to town that they saw it with the original company in New York, says the Chicago Record-Herald. And this remark is applicable to people in other places besides Chicago.

Tonkers, N. Y., is considerably scandalized because a couple of boys who were prize-winning scholars at Sunday school, have been implicated in a number of burglaries. But then the number of Sunday school superintendents who have gone wrong is legion.

A New Jersey lad has been given a little of the famous "Jersey justice" by an order of a court allowing him to play hooky from school on two days each month. But what fun will there be for this lad to revel in truancy now that he has permission to do so?

Barney Oldfield continues to make marvelous speed with his automobile at California's new motordrome. But it is likely that several of the Topeka automobilists could take his measure if they could develop the same speed on a track that they do on many of the city's streets.

Another black eye has been given to the woman's suffrage cause in this country by the hissing which was given by the suffragists to President Taft when he was man enough to appear before them at their convention in Washington and tell them that he was not in entire sympathy with the movement so dear to their hearts.

A few words from Colonel Roosevelt on the subject is probably needed to save football, especially when such disciples of things strenuous as Governor Stubbs come out in opposition to it. It will also be necessary for Colonel Roosevelt to revise his definition of mollycoddies, or else he may offend some of his friends and ardent admirers.

Florida is also a good place for newspaper editors to stay away from. A gleaming custom down there is for public officials to flog editors who have the temerity to criticize them. Some kind of friends will probably insist that this is just what many editors deserve. But they should remember that this is a world in which few people get exactly what is coming to them.

Colonel Roosevelt is to be allowed to name the date for the National Conservation congress to be held at Kansas City, Mo., this fall. It is beginning to look as though every activity in the country is being urged to be undertaken for the convenience of the ex-president. Perhaps those enthusiastic Italians were not so far wrong when they hailed their distinguished guest as "King of America."

According to Mr. Harris, director of the state free employment bureau, there are few unemployed men in Kansas. In all probability Mr. Harris could have gone a step further and remarked that every unemployed person in the state could find work if he was willing and capable to do it, and there would be lots of jobs on the market yet. This condition of affairs is particularly true of Topeka.

Mrs. Ella Piess Young, the new city superintendent of the public schools in Chicago, is demonstrating her worth almost daily. Her latest reform is the elimination of the study of algebra from the elementary schools. She has also placed the ban on the teaching of compound interest and discount. She

rightly thinks that the teaching of such things accomplishes little if any good in the lower school grades and believes that the time spent on them can be devoted more advantageously to the pupils in other directions.

## A SATURDAY SERMON.

Heaviness in the heart of man maketh it stoop; a good word maketh it glad. Proverbs XII: 25.

How much of the gloom would be dissipated from among men if every body took advantage of his opportunities to say a good, cheering word to those whose hearts are heavy. Nothing can be more meritorious. Words of consolation, with a compassionate and kind treatment for those who are distressed are of more real value and give greater joy than can gold or precious stones. Nor should they be confined, as is too often the case, to instances of personal bereavement.

When a man is struggling against odds, when he has made a failure, partial or total, of any undertaking, the time is just as ripe for words of encouragement and cheer from his friends and acquaintances as it is when he is bowed down with grief and sorrow over the loss of a relative or a dear friend. But they are not indulged in so generally in the former case. This is a mistake. It is very often the case that such solace will materially lighten the burdens that a man is carrying and give him strength to overcome the obstacles that block his path, and for the time being appear to be insurmountable. There is usually a way out of any and every difficulty, but it is frequently impossible for a man to see it unless it is pointed out to him, or unless his mind is turned from the distractions of the moment and steered into different channels.

Wrong is the idea that most people want to be alone in their grief or misfortune. Trite, but truthful, indeed is the well-known saying to the effect that misery loves company. In times of trouble a man yearns for companionship. He will not often seek it voluntarily. There is always a hesitancy about bothering another with one's misfortune. But a man's friends should be discerning enough to realize his needs in this particular. Nor should they be slow to proffer their services. "Teach me to feel another's woe" is a line in one of the beautiful prayers written by Alexander Pope. It would not come amiss as a text for every one to keep in mind.

It was the wise, old prophet Isaiah, who said: "The Lord God hath given me the tongue of the learned, that I season to him that is weary." Every individual, of course, is not equipped with a mentality or an intelligence equal to that of which Isaiah was possessed. But every man has been provided with sufficient ability to say good words when they are needed, when they will do the most good. And it's a pity that more people do not make a practice of using their talent in this beneficial direction.

## WHAT IS RESPONSIBILITY?

There is much loose and confused thinking about the nature of responsibility, writes Prof. John Grier Hibben in an article "On Responsibility" in the April Scribner. Not only are there innumerable instances of persons holding positions of trust who are evading evident responsibilities, but also those who would seek to justify themselves in such a course. The latter are like the figures in Nast's famous cartoon of the Tweed Ring, who are all standing in a circle and each one pointing aside with his thumb to his neighbor as the responsible person. It is the old story of the other man. There are many circumstances in life where it is convenient to shift the responsibility upon some one else; and whenever one sets himself to defend a convenient course of action, he cannot always see straight and think clear. Even though he may succeed in convincing himself, nevertheless in this process there is an element of self-deception, he is perilously near the danger line.

There are no fallacies so subtle as those which insinuate themselves into our reasonings at a time when our interests are involved. Therefore when we seek to free ourselves of the burden of responsibility in any situation, we must be peculiarly on guard, that we do not allow ourselves to become ensnared in the coils of those artificial distinctions and plausible explanations, which when stripped of their verbal dress appear in their nakedness as contemptible subterfuges.

One of these convenient ideas which serve as a kind of natural anesthetic to conscience is the belief that any responsibility which is divided is thereby lessened. The director of a corporation may content himself with the comforting thought that where many are jointly responsible, his share of the common obligation after all cannot be regarded as very serious. And it is in this idea that a very fundamental error lies. For responsibility is by its nature something intensive and not extensive. It can be divided among many, but it is not thereby diminished in degree.

## THE CENSUS.

An opportunity is being presented these days to the people in this and every other section of the country to discharge an important civic duty. It is nothing else than answering with dispatch and precision the questions of the census enumerators who have started on their rounds.

Of essential concern in a variety of ways is a correct census of the people of a nation. Not only does it show their progress in population and in all of the activities that go to make up their life. It also points out the salient sociological conditions prevailing among them and suggests where there is need for legislative remedial action.

It is most material, therefore, that a census be authentic. And a million of the most clever enumerators or statisticians that might be gathered together could not make it so merely through their own effort. Unless the people themselves willingly do their part no

census will reflect accurately the conditions prevailing in the country. And the people's part is merely the answering the questions that are put to them. It is only foolish folks who will consider any of the questions involved in the census taking as being impudent. Many of them are extremely personal but the answers given are not going to be printed on handbills and thrown around the neighborhood. They become public property to be sure, but the cases must be rare indeed where the files of a census are referred to for the personal history of anybody. The census is not taken for any such purpose. It is merely taken with a view of getting the number of people in the country, and noting their activities and the conditions surrounding them collectively, not individually. Therefore, people should not have any scruple about answering the questions put to them. There is little or no danger that they will be disclosed to any one, and even, if they should be, it is not possible that much harm could be done, because the questions are not of a character to demand incriminating answers of any sort. The work of census enumerators is not easy at its best and the more assistance that is given them by the people they are not slow to be to the better and more valuable will be their work.

## JOURNAL ENTRIES

If it wasn't so easy to make promises maybe fewer of them would be broken.

It's well nigh impossible to tell the value or cost of a woman's hat by its looks.

How much more pleasant life would be if people would only repeat the good things they hear about others.

About the only time a man and woman are in perfect agreement is when he proposes marriage and she accepts.

Buying a set of books on the installment plan and getting them paid for are entirely different propositions.

## JAYHAWKER JOTS

The Salina Journal calls the following a "law enforcement" item from the Cuba Daylight: John Goeller's pet dog, in an effort to stop an automobile that was exceeding the speed limit down Main street last Friday, got run over and killed.

That wisdom occasionally develops in youth is evidenced by the following announcement in the Atchison Globe: Ralph Fisher, the Globe's "boy" and composing room for three years, is now working at Klotzmeier Bros. He wants to learn the plumbing trade.

This story may not be very funny, but it certainly did appeal to us that way: "Said a nervous lady to an Austin lady, at whose house she was making a call: 'Are you not afraid that some of your children will fall into that cistern in your yard?' 'Oh, no,' was the complacent reply; 'anyhow, that's not the cistern we get our drinking water from.'"

General Caldwell is to have a pension. General Caldwell was a good soldier and came west when Blaine was running for president, to take almost any job. He lost out, however, and a mighty poor man for some years. Then he got a job in the diplomatic service and fared well for a number of years. He was probably not so lucky in getting a pension. Some people just naturally have good luck dogging them all the while.—Lawrence Journal.

A tragedy at Fowler is reported in all of its harrowing details by the Gazette of that town as follows: Rev. Mr. Ballinger, the new pastor of the Methodist church at this place, seems to have stolen on march on the young women of the church. Word came directly after conference that Rev. Mr. Ballinger, a young unmarried man, had been assigned this point, and would be sure to preach his first sermon last Sunday. Word to this effect spread rapidly, and when time came for preaching last Sunday morning, the choir was full and running over with smiling girls, with their hair primed and curled; in fact, nothing about their appearance indicated that they were a reverend gentleman arrived it is needless to say that all looked expectantly and to their delight saw a fine looking young man with black hair and keen eyes. They were so intent on watching his movements that it took them several minutes to discover that he was introducing the newly-arrived young woman to his companions, and that the members of the church as his newly acquired bride. He is now gone on a short wedding trip and it is hoped that he will have a happy and a plentifully revived by next Sunday morning to promote the old-time interest among the young people of the church.

## GLOBE SIGHTS.

[From the Atchison Globe.]  
What is the positive fact?  
Food prices are so high that it pays to have stomach trouble.

If you chew tobacco, do you realize how much of a nuisance you are?  
If you know it all, you might also tell us who it was that named Cupid "Dan."

It's a wonder a government bureau doesn't issue a bulletin telling mothers how to raise babies.

Revised version: Poets are born, not hatched, as you might sometimes infer from their cackle.

A dog can run as well on three legs as four, which is about all the credit we can give to a bulldog.

I reject every superstition except one: I believe in my hoodoo. When I arrange for a picnic, it always rains.

When a child dies, the father doesn't seem to take it as hard as the mother, but in a short time every one begins to notice that he is looking odd.

Subject of discussion at the next meeting of the Lancaster Literary society: "Resolved, That when a man laughs, he looks as funny as he does when he eats."

When a poor man thinks of wealth, he thinks how he would spend it, rather than how he would invest it. Subject of discussion at the next meeting of the Lancaster Literary society: "Resolved, That when a man thinks of wealth, he thinks how he would spend it, rather than how he would invest it."

Do your work with as little annoyance to others as possible. Some people can't work unless they are in a crowd, and some can't work unless they are in a quiet place. That is the hard way; the easiest way is to get along with everyone with as little friction as possible.

## KANSAS COMMENT

ERROR OF THE OPTION SYSTEM.  
Most of the important city elections in local option territory this week were won by the liquor element. Throughout the campaign the "wet" and "dry" question was raised, and the liquor back from the victories of two years ago, to the saloon policy.

There is nothing surprising in this. Instead, there is a justification of the folly of the local option system which opens the liquor question to new agitation and resubmission every two years.

The saloon fight in option towns is a fight between money and principle. Money is always organized; principle moves upon inspiration and frequently lacks inspiration. The victories won in option territory two years ago were secured by praying women and fight-mad men, who were thoroughly aroused but who, having won their victory, could not be expected to continue the strain under which the campaign was pushed through.

Two years is not a long time in which to test prohibition. Making a town "dry" is a physical as well as a moral process. The drunk must have time to get his burr under the saddle and to get rid of his clothes. The individual and the town must go through a regenerating process and be able to test the "feel" of a system freed from the influence of prohibition.

Prohibition is reformation. The way to quit a thing is to quit it—not to turn back to it at frequent intervals, and make the argument all over again.

No town which vigorously enforces prohibition, and honestly tests the workings of the policy for a period of five years, will ever be "wet" again.

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## FROM OTHER PENS

UNDUE HASTE.  
In a paper read before the Railway Engineering association meeting in Chicago recently, it was stated that although the tree-planting operations by American railroads have been in progress for about eight years and now include several millions of trees, no ties have yet been produced from any of the trees planted by the railroads.

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## OIL IN THE BRITISH NAVY.

The British navy was the first to employ oil as a fuel in connection with coal. Oil is used in all the new battleships and in the new submarines. A permanent form of fuel to the extent of 1,600,000 tons a year. Of the world's output of oil the British empire's proportion is but a scant 8 per cent, while American production is about 64 per cent, close on two-thirds of the whole.

These figures show how absolutely essential to the British navy is this respect on foreign countries, and particularly on the United States and how the increasing use of oil in England has created a serious problem. Contracts entered into in this country, as marked as the dependence of the British navy on American oil is the dependence of the American navy on British coal. Just as the British navy is dependent on the Standard Oil company and the British army on the Standard Oil company, so is the British navy dependent on the Standard Oil company and the British army on the Standard Oil company.

## DIAZ, AT 30, KILLS JAGUARS.

The spectacle of Porfirio Diaz, who for a third of a century has been the actual or virtual president of Mexico, tramping through the mountains and jungles of the Yucatan in search of an inspiration to admirers and emulators of physical virility as that of Theodore Roosevelt killing big game in the West is hardly a new thing. Diaz is 30 years old. He was the real military hero of the fight against Maximilian in 1867-68. He upset the emperor's throne in 1877. He has controlled Mexico, with all the power of a dictator, since 1877.

Santa Ana, the other "Grand Old Man" of Mexico, lived to be 81, and started his last rebellion in 1867, when he was 72 years old. We have had many political dictators in the United States. Here the pen is mightier than the sword. But in Mexico conditions are different. The dictator must be able to do actual campaigning. Considering that fact, the long life of Santa Ana, and the longer activity of Porfirio Diaz may be regarded as rather remarkable.—Brooklyn Eagle.

## IN THE GRAY YEARS.

When Old Age comes to make my eyes less bright,  
To take my arm and lead me down his ways,  
Where dust and ashes soft, of other days,  
Masks dull and chill the world—my hair snow-white—  
Remember that I be because the Night Lies just beyond the gray autumnal haze!

Shall carmine poppies then have ceased to bloom?  
Shall I forego all joy, all laughter light?  
O hush of mine, keep red throughout thy years,  
Live every little sweet each day shall count,  
Shall there not come white, blossom-fragrance May,  
And wistful April's yearnings, poutings, tears?

And 'cross the fields the meadow-lark will sing,  
O heart of mine, oh, turn not, turn not gray!

—Florence Calnon, in Smith's Magazine.

## THE EVENING STORY

Somebody's Baby.  
(By Lawrence Alfred Clay.)

Mrs. George Congdon had run into Philadelphia the day in which her mother. She had brought with her her girl baby, ten months old, and had been accompanied by her husband and a girl. His business was in the city, and at 10 o'clock he would call for and take her home. Mr. Congdon was a young man, but he understood babies, and he knew that the baby held head downward—that they should be given a fatherly finger to bite when they cried, and that tickling the bottom of their feet when they had the colic was a certain cure.

That was the finest baby in the state of Pennsylvania. The father, the mother, the grandmother, Aunt Ethel and all the neighbors in the Congdon suburban home said so. Realizing, young as she was, that she would be kept awake at night when her baby woke, she came, she got as much infant sleep as possible. She could be laid away on the bed, the window sill, the porch or any other place, and she would continue to sleep.

Mrs. Huntington, the grandmother, and very little to do with the baby. It was her duty to recommend sage tea and catnip mixture and to rub mustard plasters and to declare that the baby looked just like its father. Having done this, her duties were ended.

Mr. Congdon, Mrs. Congdon's only sister, was nineteen years old. She was not to blame for being an aunt at that age. Some of the girls poked fun at her, but she was loved by all the child. She characterized it as the nicest, sweetest, brightest, handsomest, darlingest thing ever born, and if she could have kissed it she would certainly have flattened its nose.

Mrs. Congdon and baby were duly left at grandma's and duly welcomed. But it was not long before the baby, flattered and talked to, and the day passed without calamity. Along toward 5 o'clock in the afternoon Mrs. Congdon telephoned that the baby had given him an errand to do, and that the wife must make her way home alone.

This brought Ethel to the house. She would not only take her sister to the depot in the taxi but take the train home with her and hold that "darlingest" on her lap all the way. It was settled at once that this should be the program, and at a certain hour it was carried out. That is, the two ladies and the young prodigy were landed at the Chestnut street depot twenty minutes to five for the train and thirty minutes too early for another.

The ladies' waiting room, of course, was the only place left to them. After ten minutes Mrs. Congdon went out to buy a ticket for Ethel, having her friends return in her purse. She met friends who stopped to chat, and the history of the baby had to be told. She was proud of the opportunity to tell it.

Time was passing and Aunt Ethel became impatient. More and more she became alarmed. She picked up the sleeping baby and walked out into the general room to find her sister. But then a young man walking for a train faintly aware of some said it was a case of love, and some that he had a weak heart. A crowd gathered, and then somebody said the depot was on fire. He lied about it, but the object was praiseworthy. He wanted to add to the excitement, and he certainly did.

Young Aunt Ethel was impatient and excitable. Down went baby on a vacant seat, and away rushed the caretaker. She spent ten minutes looking at the young man and rushing around to find where the fire was, and was then taken by the arm by her sister and rushed for the train, and they were hardly aboard when the wheels began to move. They had found a seat when they suddenly missed something and cried out in chorus:

"Where's the baby?"  
If Miss Ethel Huntington hadn't been so excited when she laid baby down she might have noticed Aunt Ethel sitting close by. She would have pronounced him a young man of about twenty-three, very good looking, well dressed, and a gentleman. She would have figured that he was there to take a train, but would have had to guess that he was a civil engineer.

Yes, he sat there, and he saw baby disappear down and knew that the statement had called its attendant away. He moved one seat nearer the infant, instead of three seats further away, as a young man would have done, and he said to himself, referring to Miss Ethel:

"She isn't the mother, or she'd never have let that baby go. She's a good-looking and well dressed for a nurse girl. Couldn't have brought the kid here to abandon it. Not old enough to be a mother. Probably came back in five minutes. Ha! There she goes for the train with another lady! Clear case, and the kid goes to a foundling home!"

But it didn't. It awoke and smiled at the man bending over it. He smiled back. Then a woman came up and blushed and laughed and said:

"So the minx played a game on you."

"What do you mean?"  
"She's put it off on your hands and has taken the train with the baby, going to go about it? She played the game rather neatly."

Mr. Ashley resented that word "minx." In fact, he resented the woman's tone and insinuation. He thought he knew people quite well, young as he was, and he was ready to swear that the leaving of the child was a blunder.

But he wanted to hand it back on her. "I can help you," continued the woman with the same sarcastic smile. "There was another woman with her, and she went away to buy a ticket for Blankville, 20 miles out. That's where they have gone together."

"And that's where I'll follow," said Mr. Ashley. "I think I can get it there all right."

and rushed up and down the big depot. They found plenty of babies, but not the baby wanted. After 20 minutes of the greatest anxiety, and after Miss Ethel had pointed out the train, times over where she had laid the infant down, an old man who explained that he was going to Montana, when his train came along, added:

"Say, I saw a young fellow steal that kid! Yes, sir, he looked all around to see if anybody was watching, and then sneaked and climbed on her and added up and walked out to a train. I'd have tackled him, only I'm an old man and have a bad liver. The doctor told me not to touch anything but food, and that baby as sure as shooting, and he's a hundred miles away by this time!"

There was weeping and wailing and weeping a guest, they called her, telegraphing to conductors. One of the latter answered:

"Young man with a baby in his arms got off at Blankville. Had my suspicions."

The trail led to Blankville. Irony of Fate! Young man steals a baby in Philadelphia and gets away in the train with his father and mother alive, a telegram to the police at Blankville read:

"Arrest young man who got off 5 o'clock train with a girl baby. Case of kidnapping."

And there being no chance for the police to blunder and arrest an old woman, they settled for the baby. Paul Ashley as he sat in the depot playing with the stolen child and asking everybody if they could identify it, told Mrs. Anna Bertrum what he had received and rushed and precipitated themselves, and that sweetest, nicest, darlingest little bit of humanity actually kicked and fought and was torn from the arms of its bold-faced abductor.

The police had no case. The only case there appeared to be, the explanations had been made, was between Miss Ethel and Mr. Ashley. It hasn't been fully concluded yet, but it has been settled that Paris will be one of the continental cities visited during the coming summer.—(Copyrighted, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.)

## False Teeth His Gift to Women.

Testimony was given in the probate court here today to show that one of the beneficiaries of Emil Weigel, an old man who recently fell heir to \$31,000, is giving sets of false teeth to his women friends. It was asserted that Mr. Anna Bertrum was the recipient of one set, and intimation was given that she also had received a house valued at \$6,000, from the old man. Albert Baum, German consul here, told Weigel told him that not only had given a set of false teeth to Mrs. Bertrum, but also a set to another woman friend. That set cost \$45.

Weigel, who is 84 years old, was before a jury in the probate court today for the purpose of having his sanity inquired into. The German consul inquired into the matter, and Weigel received his legacy he was poor, and his weekly wage was only \$15. With \$31,000 in his possession, he started out to be philanthropic. That piece of property, which he had inherited from Mrs. Bertrum and her sister, Mrs. George Saig, when Baura heard the old man was giving away much of his money, making generous donations of expensive sets of false teeth to women, decided it was his duty to interfere and save what might be left of the old man's fortune.

## Out of the Mouths of Babies.

"What state do we live in?" asked the teacher of the primary geography class. And little Elmer, standing at his Sunday school catechism, promptly replied, "In a state of sin and misery."

Teacher—Tommy, what does the letter "A" stand for? Tommy—Apple, for one thing. Teacher—That's right. Now, Johnny, what does "B" stand for? Johnny—Banana.

The mother had frequently told her children that it was wrong to waste scraps of food. One evening she said: "But, my son, what good deed have you done today?" "I ate that piece of pie left from dinner, so it wouldn't be wasted," answered Ralph.—Chicago News.

## QUAKER MEDITATIONS.

[From the Philadelphia Press.]

The easiest way to convince a man is to agree with him. The art of making a woman look like she thinks she looks. The man doesn't amount to much who is known by the deeds of his ancestors.

Dresses go by contraries, and sometimes even love's young dream acts that way.

Some people not only dance, but they also manage to establish a line of credit with the gods.

Miss Antiquite—"I had two callers in one evening last week." Miss Causitque—"Were they afraid to call alone?"

"A man and his wife are one," remarked the Cynical Bachelor, "but that's all right, there is always luck in odd numbers."

Nell—"Mr. Saphedde prides himself upon his versatility. Belle—"Yes, he knows the least about most subjects than any person I ever met."

"I sometimes wonder if life is worth living," mused the pessimist. "It is," replied the optimist. "It is worth living much better than most of us live it."

"Shakespeare will live forever," remarked the Boston girl. "You can't make me believe that," replied the Chicago girl. "That's what Dowie used to think."

Polly Pinklights—"Tottie Twinkletoes says she made the hit of the show."

Footlights—"I guess that's so. She